

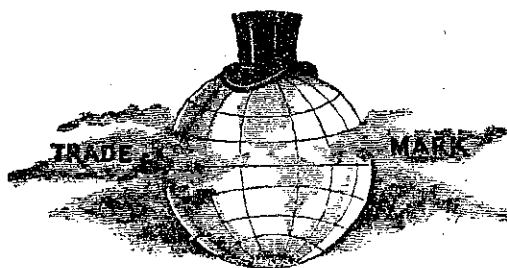
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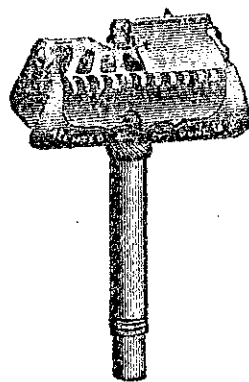
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The constitutional and political history of England and the United States, political economy, and international law are taught, in a measure, to the students of all regular courses, and may be further pursued as optional studies.

Applicants for admission to the Institute are examined in English grammar, geography, French, arithmetic, algebra, modern history, and geometry. A fuller statement of the requirements for admission will be found in the catalogue, which will be sent, without charge, on application.

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The fee for tuition is \$200 a year. Besides this, \$25 or \$30 are needed for books and instruments. There are no separate laboratory fees; only payment for articles broken is required.

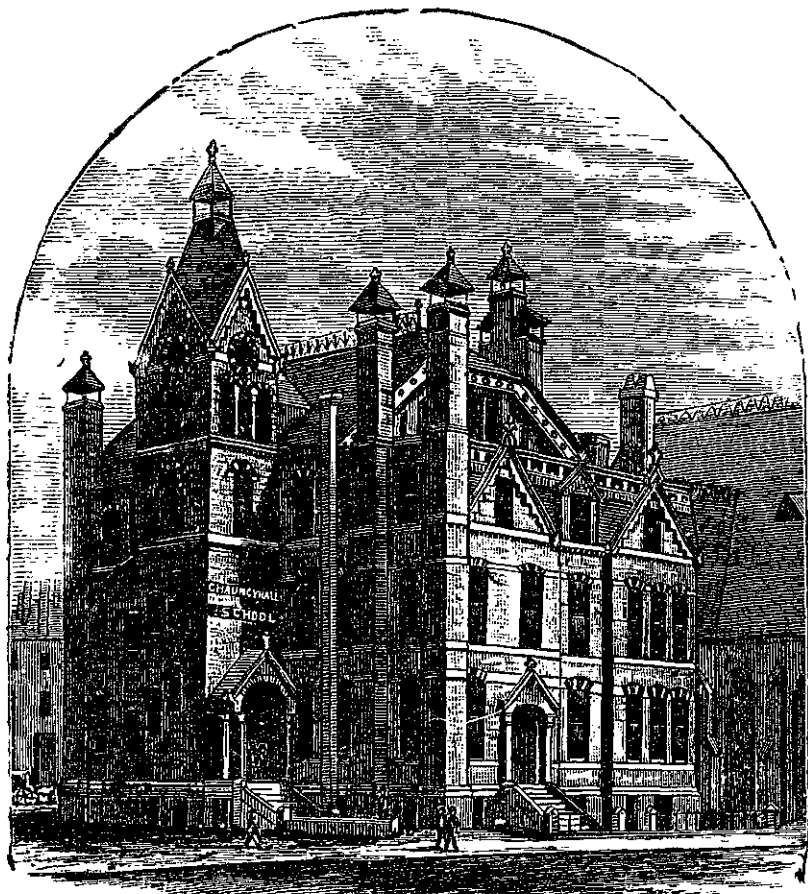
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The Tech.

VOL. VI.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 4, 1886.

NO. 2.

THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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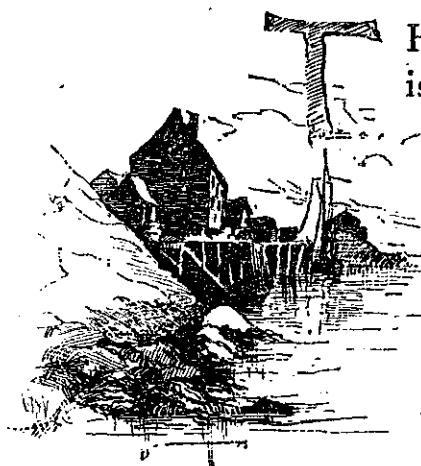
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THE United States Tariff is this year the subject of one of the new studies pursued at the Institute. The tariff laws, together with the imports and exports, and all statistics that depend on, or are

created by, such laws, are thoroughly discussed, and the effects on commerce, industry, and national prosperity generally, deduced. Starting with the Revolution, each consecutive tariff act, and each great political or social event which might have a bearing on the subject, is dealt with, together with the laws of other countries at the same period. Special industries are taken up by different students, and the special effects of the tariff on these industries studied. By looking up all the numerous available references, statistics are gathered which are graphically drawn on charts, which form a valuable collection of information of great and increasing importance. This is believed to be

the first institution in the country to take up this division of Political Economy as a subject study, and President Walker is the originator.

The importance of a thorough knowledge of the tariff cannot be overestimated. It is the leading question of the day, and forms the only real existing division between our two great political parties. It is, therefore, highly necessary that our knowledge should be comprehensive and well founded. It is unfortunate that the number of students taking this science is so small, but after the experiment has been proved to be successful, it will undoubtedly be included in other courses.

THE Tennis Association is one of the numerous organizations which was formed last year, and seems to be as well established and on as firm a footing as any of them. Many were the doubts and apprehensions as to the success of such a scheme, but the energetic way in which it has been run, and the continued interest taken, show that tennis is destined to become one of our regular branches of athletics. The play last spring, though short, served to develop at least two or three experts, whose work in tournaments this summer has been commended; and if improvement goes on as it should, the club should apply for admission to the Inter-collegiate Association.

The nearness of the courts to the Institute is of great advantage, as spare time between recitations can thus be occupied. The great want at present is for suitable accommodations to serve for dressing-rooms. These might be obtained in the basement of the Kidder Building.

Tennis, though not a violent, is a beneficial exercise, and a pleasant alternative to grinding. Those who cannot engage in the afternoon football practice, should take this opportunity of

obtaining a healthful open-air exercise, which would benefit both mind and body.

There is great interest taken this fall, the tournament being very successful. Tennis seems to be assured of a prosperous future, and we do not think that the Faculty will regret their generous action in granting permission to use the grounds.

THE class of '87 has instituted a custom here which will forever make it remembered at the Institute. We refer to the publication of the Junior Annual, "Technique." Although laboring under the numberless difficulties always attending the getting out of a new college publication, the '87 editors succeeded nobly, and produced a work which did them and the Institute high credit. Not the least of these difficulties was their ignorance of how the students would support the publication—whether they would come forward and subscribe in a body, or would let a few from each class do this; and it happened as they feared, scarcely six hundred copies being sold, and these to less than two hundred men. Luckily the financial loss was not great, and the editors had for consolation the fact that they had got out a first-class annual, and that they had the honor of instituting a custom at the Tech which we sincerely hope will be a permanent one. It does not greatly redound to the credit of the Institute that the students should be so slow, in doing what is so evidently their duty,—that of assisting financially their own publication. Their conduct is shown up in an even poorer light when compared to that of the students at other colleges. Take for instance the Troy Polytechnic Institute, which has a situation identical to ours, having no dormitory life, no campus, etc. There an edition of twelve hundred copies of the Transit, their annual, is sold inside of a week, and no more copies can be obtained. There are less than three hundred men at the Troy Institute, while here there are over seven hundred. Our men must brace up.

The outlook this year for a good Technique is excellent, and the work is progressing rapidly.

The editors hope to have the number out before Christmas, and are working hard to that end. With a few changes, the arrangement of this number will be the same as last, but it will probably contain more cuts and engravings than its predecessor. As it is now no longer an experiment, it is hoped that the financial support will be better, as, if this shows a great improvement, the annual itself will improve from year to year.

We have written this to more clearly bring before the students' eyes the fact that Technique has not been properly supported; and also to introduce it to the number of new men here at the Institute. '88's Technique has our heartiest wishes for its success.

WE are greatly pleased to see that our suggestion of last year regarding the foundation of a banjo club, has been so favorably received.

Those who had the good fortune last year to hear the concert of the Yale Banjo Club, will long remember the pleasure they experienced at that affair, and are most eager that we should have a similar organization.

Our banjo club will be considerably larger than the Yale Club, and will contain a greater variety of instruments, it being the intention of the club to have several mandolins and a flute, beside the banjos and guitars. The number of instruments will, of course, make their selections more difficult to play, but their success will bring to them the greater honor on that account.

MESSRS. Quintard Peters, '87, H. G. Gross, '88, J. L. Mauran, '89, and G. C. Wales, '89, have been elected editors of THE TECH, and begin their duties with the present number. There still remain three vacancies on the board. One of these belongs to the class of '90, and an editor will be chosen from that class as soon as he has convinced us of his ability. The other positions we shall not confine to any one class, although preference will be given to the class of '87. These positions we are not anxious to fill, and unless men of undoubted ability appear, they will not be chosen.

Love Song.

Come, maiden of the golden curls,
Those fluttering fears resign;
Here pledge me with that ruby lip,
And say thou wilt be mine.

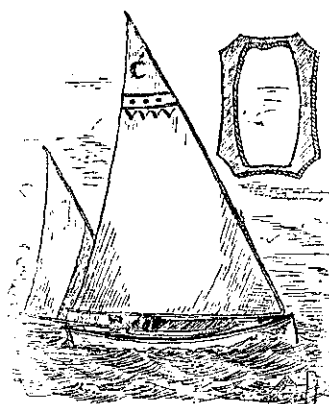
'Twere vain to praise thy angel charms,
As vain to breathe a vow;
I feel that I have loved before,
But worshiped ne'er till now.

I'm jealous of the very breeze
That woos thy silken hair;
I grudge to see the fairest flower
Thy balmy kisses share.

Then fling those lingering fears away,
Thy every care give o'er,
And plight thy loving troth to me,
To break it never more.

c.

Canoeing on Winnepesaukee.



NE bright July morning a jolly party of eight boarded the 8.30 train at the B. & L. depot, and four hours later this same party, hungry and rather dusty, alighted at Weirs, N. H.

Weirs is a small, but rather important place, situated on the eastern end of Lake Winnepesaukee, and commanding a good view. It boasts of two or three hotels, a café, a bowling alley, a rink, etc.

But to return to our party. They were all residents of Boston or its vicinity, and had come up to the lake for two weeks' canoeing, shooting, fishing, or, in short, to have a good time.

The party consisted of the Commodore, the Historian, the Chaplain, the Purser, the Surgeon, the Fleet Captain, the Minstrel, and the Gastronomer. '89 is responsible for the first three; '90 was represented by the Purser; the Minstrel had wrestled successfully with the mysteries of mechanic arts; the Surgeon gloried in the name of Harvard Freshman; while the Captain and Gastronomer claim that neither square nor theodolite has any attraction for them.

After dinner, the next thing to do was to get the canoes—which had been sent up by freight;—put them “in,” and transport the luggage to some convenient island, and camp for the night.

The Historian and Gastronomer got their double-canvas canoe Ilex into the water first, and being of an impatient turn of mind, started off, followed by the Surgeon and Minstrel in their Racine, the Commodore and Purser in their canvas Vera, while the Captain and Chaplain brought up the rear in their large double canvas Celvar, carrying a trunk containing the wardrobe of the Commodore and Purser.

As the Captain and Chaplain paddled along, they were remarking on the beauty of the scenery, when suddenly came a puff of wind, then another, and soon the lake was covered with white-caps.

A heavy-laden canoe, with a trunk in the forward end of the cock-pit and projecting above the deck, is not the most weatherly specimen of naval architecture afloat; and so the crew of the Celvar found before they got ashore, the canoe being half full by that time.

It was five o'clock when they landed on a small island about two miles from Weirs; consequently no time was to be lost in pitching the tents and getting supper.

Bacon, hard-tack, coffee, and eggs taste good after a paddle, and the repast was enjoyed by all. The Gastronomer performed his usual feats of valor from which he earned his title, while the Chaplain actually forgot to say grace until after the meal was over.

After supper the things were cleared away, and a service of song was held, the Purser producing a violin from “that trunk.” Soon the crowd grew sleepy, and one by one they turned in, but not to sleep long.

Soon the camp was quiet, the silence being broken only by deep breathings.

Suddenly the tent occupied by the “Reverend” and the Captain stirred, and those two gentlemen emerged, bearing a mysterious bundle, which they placed upon a rock. A match was lighted, a few scattering sparks were seen, and the two conspirators retired hastily. On the

rock a gentle fizzing was going on, when suddenly, bang! BANG! BANG! then silence again, broken only by the blessings invoked by the would-be sleepers upon the persons unknown who set off those fire-works. But next morning came their revenge, for some hideously early riser woke up the camp—including the conspirators, who did not care enough about worms to be early birds—about an hour before sunrise.

This day was occupied in looking for a place for a permanent camp, as the night had been spent close by a camping shanty, and more solitude was preferred, although at that time the shanty was empty. The owner of the shanty afterward sent in a bluff bill for damages—breaking and entering; but as his charges were groundless, he was ignored.

About three o'clock it was decided to move to a place a mile away, and camp there. This was done, and the four crews soon had their tents up. This camp had a splendid location, being on a point projecting into the lake, cool and breezy, and no mosquitoes. The camp, probably because it was such a healthy place, was named Camp Malaria.

Supper-time was approaching, and it was determined to have some wheat germ, of which a large quantity had been secured. It was then found that no one knew exactly how to cook it; so when the Historian volunteered for that culinary service, his offer was promptly accepted. But unfortunately he got in too much water, and forgot the salt entirely; however, each man passed up his tin plate and received his share. Now, sugar and cream are generally eaten on wheat germ, but condensed milk was the nearest approach to those patrician articles of diet, so the "tin cow" was brought into requisition, and each man stirred a lot into his mess.

The Gastronomer tried the dainty first. He looked pained, but tried again; then he laid his plate down with a sigh, and watched the others.

"I don't believe I feel very hungry," remarked the Commodore, in a doubtful tone.

"Well," said the Surgeon, "I think I have tasted grub worse than this, but I'll be some-

thinged if I can remember where;" and his wheat germ described a neat parabola, and landed in the fire.

"Humph!" remarked the Historian, "I don't see anything the matter with it, but if this crowd don't like it, they know what they can do."

The crowd was now absorbed in watching the Historian, who was devouring his wheat germ like a martyr; and when at last he finished, he was greeted with a round of applause, but it was observed that he did not take another helping. In justice to the Historian, however, let it be said that he afterward cooked wheat germ so that eight hungry men would pass up for more.

So the days passed, and soon the spirit of roving possessed the Captain and the Reverend, and they and the Historian and Gastronomer decided to make a short cruise to Centre Harbor, and be back again by night.

They started off about twelve, and after thoroughly exploring Bear Island, reached Centre Harbor at about half-past five. Fire-arms had been taken along, and the Chaplain carried a revolver with an eight-inch barrel. With this deadly weapon he would, on rare occasions, contrive to hit an unsuspecting tin can, and at such times his pride in his skill was enormous, and had twice cost him cigars for the crowd, in rash bets.

But at this particular moment the Chaplain was not so proud of his weapon, for as he did not want to leave it in the canoe, he was obliged to wear it conspicuously on his hip; and followed by a crowd of small boys, who thought that Buffalo Bill was going to give a Wild West exhibition, he made his way to the grocery store and purchased the necessary "grub."

It was half-past six before the canoes were ready to start for home, and as there was just the faintest prospect of a breeze, a small spinnaker—the only sail they had—was set on the Celvar, and the Ilex lashed to her.

It was now a dead calm, but laziness prevailed, and no paddling was done. Drifting along perhaps a mile in two hours after an all-day paddle

is not conducive to wakefulness, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the point where the course turned was missed; but this was not noticed until about eleven, when, thinking that camp ought to be close by, they looked for it, but could not find it. A council held, concluded that they were lost, and that they had better camp for the rest of the night at the first good place they reached.

The moon had now gone behind a cloud, and the islands loomed up black as ink. One was approached, but nothing could be seen until a match was lit, when its flickering light showed them that the island was no good. One after another was tried, but without success.

Suddenly the moon came out in an unexpected quarter, close to the horizon; then some brilliant mind made a rapid calculation that the proper course for home should lay straight up the "moon glaze." This course was followed, and about an hour later camp was sighted, and four tired individuals lay down to rest.

A few days after this event a visitor came up to camp for a week, and shared the tent occupied by the Fleet Captain and the Chaplain, and also formed one of the crew of the *Celvar*, which vessel had by this time earned for itself the title of "the ship" on account of its size and weight.

This visitor—familiarly called "the Boy," on account of being over six feet—brought up with him a box of cigars and a small ham, thus securing himself a hearty welcome.

Soon after his arrival, the Historian and the Gastronomer in the *Ilex*, and the Chaplain, Captain, and Boy in the *Celvar*, started on a cruise around the lake.

Starting from camp, they first visited the "Paties," which are forty small islands in the middle of the lake,—a very picturesque spot,—and then Cow Island, with its old windmill, received their attention.

They then started up Moultonborough Bay,—a long, narrow bay, with very pretty scenery, with the Ossipees towering up from the east side, while at their feet nestles the little white village of Melvin.

Melvin was reached, and food was purchased,—

it was at Melvin that eggs sold for thirteen cents per dozen,—and then the canoes started on again, and camp was made about a mile farther up the bay.

The next day was bright and pleasant, and the party reached Adams' Mills, at the head of the bay, and leaving the canoes, "footed it" to Moultonborough, where dinner was had at twenty-five cents a head.

After dinner the party set out to climb Red Hill; and it was here that the Captain distinguished himself by accomplishing the ascent in slippers, earning for them the title of the "Mountain Slippers."

The summit was reached, after we had been lost once, when it became necessary to follow up a dry brook-bed full of boulders; during which operation, about forty miles, up and down, were covered. (This computation was made by the Gastronomer; but as he was hungry, it may be slightly exaggerated.)

But the view from the summit amply paid for all the trouble. Far away to the southeast stretched Winnepesaukee, with its countless islands, while the setting sun converted Squam into a lake of gold fire.

But it was getting late, and the canoes had to be reached before dark; so the descent was made, and none too soon, for as the party reached the canoes rain began to fall. That night was spent in an old cooper-shop, on a bed of shavings confiscated from the saw-mill near by. The shop was in a marsh, and fairly alive with mosquitoes, but a liberal allowance of "black fly ointment" foiled these pests. The night passed without incident, except that a large snake crawled out from under the bed, and was dispatched. It was here that the Historian lost a knife and a half dollar. The finder may keep the knife, but will please return the money.

The next day it rained hard, but, notwithstanding, Melvin was reached, and accommodations secured at the Way-Side Inn. Here was found a parlor organ, and the Chaplain managed to wring from it hymns, glorias, anthems, and so forth (mostly and so forth).

Rain was still falling when the morning came,

but about one o'clock the start was made, and by eight Wolfboro was reached, in a penetrating drizzle, no "grub" in the canoes, wet blankets, and not one of the crowd had the faintest idea where shelter was to be found. However, the Gastronomer found a place at the Bellevue Hotel, and there they stopped over night.

In the morning the sun rose clear and bright, and his presence was fully appreciated by the dampened cruisers. Once more the bows of the canoes pointed campward, and finally, after a long, hot paddle, home was reached.

Soon after this camp was broken, and the different participants in this most pleasant outing returned once more to the bosom of their families.

The writer feels as if he owed an apology to the "other mess,"—the Commodore, Purser, Surgeon, and Minstrel,—but being an intimate friend of the Chaplain, from whose accounts this narrative is written, he cannot help but know more of those deeds in which the "Reverend" figured.



The Closing of the Comstock Mines.

NO more important announcement has come to us recently, than that which says it has been decided to abandon the lower workings of some of the great Comstock mines, and allow them to fill with water. The report says:—

"Orders have been received from San Francisco to stop all work in the Chollar mine, and to immediately strip all levels below 2,400 feet. The orders also necessitate the immediate suspension of all operations in the lower levels of the Hale & Norcross mine. This action is the result of the flat refusal on the part of the trustees of the Savage mine to pay their one-third proportion for keeping the

pumps in motion at the combination shaft. The lower levels in both mines will be abandoned and flooded as soon as the ponderous pumps are shut down. The stoppage of work in these mines throws several hundred men out of employment, and, it is believed, sounds the death-knell of deep mining on the Comstock."

It is well known that for some years past the expenses of the Comstock mines have exceeded their production, and that the stockholders have been losing money, whatever the managers of the mines, who are also the owners of the mills, may have done.

Great and expensive efforts have been made to find a new bonanza, but apparently without result; we say apparently, for nothing is ever known with certainty concerning what has been found in a Comstock mine, until it suits the management to make it public.

The great depth attained by the mines, and the high temperature encountered, make the work of exploration and mining very expensive, so that it requires what in other districts would be considered a "bonanza" to pay expenses.

It is true that immense economies have been effected through the pressure of poverty, and that mining and milling, though still expensive, are much less so than they were formerly, and less than in some other districts where the difficulties are much less. If an old-fashioned bonanza were discovered in the Comstock, and could be worked as economically as the mines now are, which of course could not be expected, it would return a very much larger proportion of its output in dividends than did the former bonanzas. Unfortunately there appears to be little prospect of any new pockets being discovered; and if the mines are to be allowed to fill with water up to the Sutro tunnel level, then, indeed, must the last hope be abandoned; for the work will now be confined simply to extracting such portions of the large bodies of low-grade ore as are in the upper levels, and will pay to work. The final abandonment of the great lode would then be but a question of a few years. As a local paper says, "The abandonment of deep mining destroys the last glimmer of hope of future 'deals' in Comstock mining shares." The continued failure to open or make known a

bonanza, has apparently satisfied every one that the abandonment of the lower levels is done in good faith, and not with the view of "freezing out" any interest. The thousand rumors of "strikes" in the deep mines that we have so often heard of, and advised our readers to disbelieve, were simply started by insiders, with the hope of being able to get rid of their shares.

That the great Comstock will be altogether abandoned for many years to come is not at all probable. Its fabulous bonanzas and profits in the past will cast shadows into the future, and we may expect some day, when a mining "boom" is raging, to find willing believers in a great hidden bonanza at the bottom of these mines, which may again be pumped out and explored.
—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

Noticeable Articles.

READERS interested in following the course of English politics, and especially of the seemingly interminable Irish question, will find much that is interesting in the vacation numbers of the English magazines. The answer to the Irish demand for separation, came in Mr. Gladstone's complete overthrow,—a defeat which came from the favor which his Irish policy seemed to show to that demand. In the August number of the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Mahony,—an Irishman, to judge by his name,—in a paper entitled "Is there Hope for Ireland?" says: "The Separatists have come too late. For eighty years agencies have been working for union below the surface of political history or the records of governmental failure. Busy hands and hearts have been through generations weaving a complex web of affinities, of commercial, financial, social, domestic ties between the two islands, which binds them indissolubly together." On the other hand, Mr. Arthur Arnold, a "Home-Ruler," in the same number, does all he can, in a paper entitled "The answer to Mr. Gladstone," to minimize his defeat, and to show that the English people are really in favor of Home Rule. The present writer, during a pretty extended tour in England this summer,

endeavored, by diligent reading of English newspapers and conversation with such Englishmen as he met, to form an opinion on the subject; and he came to the conclusion, in spite of Mr. Arnold, that the answer of England was a pretty distinct one. It is difficult to determine exactly what is meant by the phrase "Home Rule," for it means very different things in the mouths of different men. If it means separation, the Irish might as well cry for the moon. If it means a quarter measure of local self-government, that will undoubtedly come,—but it will come as a part of a whole system of measures for the reform of local government in all parts of the kingdom; for local government is everywhere in such confusion, that Englishmen may well envy the simple system by which we divide up governmental work between town, county, state, and national organizations.

In another paper in the same number, entitled "A New Departure," the writer says, I think justly: "The reply of the constituencies must be regarded as absolutely conclusive. It has left everything else in doubt; and the party questions that have been looking up for years have been ignored; but this, at least, is settled beyond controversy,—that the Parliament now about to assemble will have nothing to do with Mr. Gladstone's schemes."

The confusion of parties in England is curiously like that existing in this country at this moment, and the lover of the study of political science—and what more interesting study can there be?—can have no more interesting bit of work offered him than the one he can get by following the course of political discussion in England during the coming winter.

The same number contains a pleasant paper on "Deer-stalking," which will interest sportsmen; and another on "Switzerland as a Holiday Resort," which pleasantly recalls to the present writer the days when, with knapsack on his back, and legs a good deal younger than now, he walked over the Grimsel Pass to the Rhone Glacier, and afterward from the Rhone Valley past Leukerbad, up the wonderful Gemmi Pass clear over to Kandersteg, in a single day. Rightly says this paper: "Pre-eminent is Switzerland, in its scenery and in its air, the holiday land of health. That tonic, steel-strong air of the glaciers is bracing, is exciting, a strengthener of the nerves, a developer of muscle. . . . You are happier in fine, pure air; your powers are sub-

limited; your capacity for enjoyment is enlarged. The character of Swiss scenery is austere loveliness in lofty nobleness." Mr. Schütz-Wilson has been a mountain-climber in his day, and his book, which he casually alludes to, "Alpine Ascents and Adventures," should be an interesting one. But to enjoy Switzerland it is not at all necessary to incur the tremendous risks of snow-climbing. I ascended the Faulhorn once—no great feat, as there is a good path—with a famous member of the Alpine Club, and he confessed to me at the top that the view was quite as fine as from the great peaks he had ascended with so much danger. Nevertheless, nothing but the commands of his physician prevented him from going at them again.

From Switzerland it is a change to the little islands of the Greek Archipelago, where Mr. J. Theodore Burt has been wandering about among Greek peasants, who press their cheeses in *tyrovolia*, just like those described in the Odyssey, whose sandals of untanned ox-hide,—just a flat piece of leather fastened by thongs to the feet,—are exactly the same that Homer describes, and whose primitive plough is "just such as Homer would have seen if he had not been blind." Mr. Burt's paper is pleasant reading, and so also is his recent book on the Cyclades.

The reader may continue his study of English politics in the September number of the *Fortnightly*, in a paper on the prospects of Home Rule, by our learned historical friend, Prof. Freeman,—a paper which he manages to get through without once protesting that Charlemagne was not a Frenchman. In the same number will be found a paper, "Romanes *versus* Darwin," on evolution, by Mr. A. R. Wallace, who is about to lecture in our hall before the Lowell Institute on the same subject, and who shares with Darwin the great honor of having originated the theory. And, by the way, few modern books of travels are more delightful reading than Mr. Wallace's "Malay Archipelago,"—a very different archipelago from the Greek one.

Lovers of music will find a paper on Listz's Life and Works, and another by Vicountess Folkestone, describing the Wagner Festival at Baireuth; and lovers of the old English drama will read one on Fletcher's *Valentinian*, by that accomplished man of letters, Mr. J. A. Symonds.

W. P. A.

The Tennis Tournament.

THE tournament opened well on October 18th, with twenty-two entries in the singles and eight in the doubles. The score of the first day was as follows:—

J. C. Smith, '88, beat R. Robb, '88, 6-0, 6-4.
H. Wood, '90, beat Towne, '90, 6-1, 6-3.
Beals, '90, beat Haskins, '90, 6-3, 6-5.
C. H. Bates, '89, beat Jones, '88, 6-4, 6-2.

Bradley and Ranlett played two sets, each winning one, and the play was postponed till the next day.

October 19th:—

Ranlett won his unfinished set with Bradley, the whole score being 3-6, 6-5, 6-4.

Mott, '88, beat Hobbs, '89, 6-1, 6-2.
Baldwin, '88, beat Borden, '89, 6-1, 6-5.
Chase, '88, beat Durfee, '89, 6-2, 5-3. (Unfinished.)
Johnson, '90, beat Ranlett, '88, 6-4, 2-3. (Unfinished.)
May, '89, beat Conner, '88, 6-1, 6-0.

October 20th:—

Johnson won his unfinished set with Ranlett, 6-5, and Chase with Durfee, 6-4.

Beals beat Smith, 4-6, 6-5, 9-7.
Mott beat Bates, 6-5, 4-6, 9-7.
Sully beat Newton, 6-3, 6-2.
May beat Baldwin, 6-2, 6-5.
Sprague beat Wood, 6-2, 3-4. (Unfinished.)

October 21st:—

Sprague won his unfinished set, 6-4.
Mott beat Sully, 6-0, 6-1.
Johnson *vs* Chase, 6-5, 2-6. (Unfinished.)
Beals beat Sprague, 6-4, 6-4.

October 22d:—

Johnson forfeited the game to Chase, on account of a sprain.

Beals beat May, 6-3, 6-5.

On this day the first of the doubles was played.

Robb, '88, and Durfee, '89, beat Baldwin, '88, and Bradlee, '88, 6-2, 6-5.
Sprague, '87, and Smith, '88, beat Bates, '89, and Hobbs, '89, 6-2, 6-1.

October 23d:—

Chase beat Mott, 6-4, 5-6, 9-7.
In the doubles, Chase and Johnson beat Mott and Horn, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2.
Beals and May beat Robb and Durfee, 4-6, 6-5, 9-7.

October 25th. Final singles.

Chase won two sets from Beals, 7-5, 6-3. Beals then won the next set, 6-0, and was 5-3 on the next set, when play was suspended on account of darkness.

Tournament not finished in time for this number.

Foot-ball Notes.

HARVARD defeated Dartmouth, 70 to 0, in 30 minutes last Saturday. This was worse than she defeated us, even in our most unfortunate game.

Williams defeated Tufts, 61 to 0, in their first championship game this year.

Amherst defeated Williams, 6 to 4, at Amherst last Saturday. The game was played under protest by Williams, on account of the referee, C. H. Watson, of the Amherst Agricultural College, Williams having demanded a Wesleyan, Yale, or Harvard man. The Williams men claim that three touchdowns were disallowed by the referee, thus giving Amherst the victory. It seems that we are not the only ones to complain of unfair refereeing.

In a recent game with Wesleyan, Yale made the largest score ever made in a championship game,—136 to 0.

The Technology eleven will, doubtless, see the necessity of providing for an impartial referee previous to a game hereafter, and can only blame themselves for accepting a man as much interested in the result as the manager of the opposing eleven.—*Boston Sunday Herald*.

The refereeing in the Dartmouth game last Friday, was the most one-sided affair that it has been the Techs misfortune to tackle this year, although they had it pretty rough at Andover. The referee, who, by the way, is the manager of the Dartmouth eleven, not only demonstrated his entire ignorance of the game, but by his one-sided decisions deprived the game of a great deal of the interest that such an otherwise even contest should have commanded. Leaving his decisions in the center of the field alone, he twice denied safeties which should have scored points for the Techs, and overlooked, as beneath notice, such a trifling matter as passing the ball forward fifteen yards. His decision disqualifying Taintor, was perhaps one of his worst. He was heard after the game by two of the TECH editors to say, "To the best of my ability, I disqualified the man whom *I thought* was to blame. If he did not *know*, he had no business to dis-

qualify any one on a mere supposition. Moreover, in the case in point, Taintor was the least to blame of any, if any one was to blame at all. In the last few minutes the Dartmouths showed a disposition to claim everything, in which they were ably seconded by the referee. The score was then 6-6. The ball was punted by one of the Dartmouth backs, and passed between our goal-posts. Immediately the Dartmouth captain claimed a goal from the field, which was, of course, not allowed. Directly after this, the ball was again kicked between our goal-posts, and again a goal was claimed. This time the kick was a drop-kick, but the ball plainly hit one of their rush-line and bounded over. After considerable discussion, in which only *three* of the *Dartmouth eleven* could be found who would say that the ball did not hit one of their men, the referee finally allowed the goal. The darkness at the time was but a poor excuse for such a decision.

The Techs have been particularly unfortunate this year in their referees in their games, but this refereeing was perhaps the worst. It was well that so many were present at the game, as they saw for themselves the disadvantages which our team has been laboring under.

Harvard vs. Technology.

THE foot-ball team, with four of the regular men's places filled by substitutes, went out to Cambridge, Oct. 20th, and were beaten 59 to 0. Ladd acted as temporary captain, and some of the men played their positions for the first time. It was found impossible to hold the Harvard rushers with our light men, and they made a series of touchdowns and goals which made the score 53 to 0 at the end of the first half. For Harvard, Jones, Harding, Porter, and Faulkner did the best work. For the Tech, Ladd and Tracy tackled well, and Goodhue made some brilliant catches.

In the second half, which was limited to fifteen minutes, on account of the darkness, Harvard only succeeded in getting a touchdown and goal.

This score proves nothing, and the affair can only be looked upon as a practice game, under the existing conditions.

Amherst vs. Tech.

AMHERST, Saturday, October 23d. The team played its first championship game of the season, and, as in the first league game last season, was defeated by its opponents. The game was called at 3.05 P. M., Amherst having the kick-off. The ball was soon rushed to Tech's ten-yard line, where it stayed a few minutes, and then our men got it. Rushes by Dearborn and Duane carried it to the center of the field, and a punt by Dearborn sent it near Amherst's goal, where it was downed by Amherst. Nourse made a long kick for Amherst, but rushes by our half-backs carried the ball back to Amherst line. Amherst blocked well, and prevented its being carried farther. Amherst secured the ball on four downs, and, by a series of short rushes, carried it to the center of the field. Our men rushed it back into Amherst's territory, where it stayed some time, but good defense by Amherst prevented any scoring. Nourse sent the ball into Tech's territory, and Amherst got it on fumbles by our backs; a rush by Phillips carried it near our goal-line. After three downs Phillips tried for a goal from the field, but failed. The ball was carried out, and went up and down the field for some minutes, then Amherst rushed it near our line, and Brough, pushing through, made a touch-down, from which Alvord kicked a goal. The ball was carried out, and was quickly rushed by our team near Amherst's goal. Tech got the ball on a muff by Storrs, and Dame carried it across the line for a touch-down, which was not allowed by the referee, on an alleged foul. Time was called, with the ball near Amherst's fifteen-yard line. Score: Amherst, 6; Tech, 0.

Second Inning: Tech had the kick-off, but Amherst soon got the ball, and by rushes of Phillips and Alvord, combined with poor tackling of our men, carried it near our goal. Tech got the ball, but Dearborn made a fumble of a thrown ball inside the goal, and Amherst secured a second touch-down, from which Alvord

kicked a goal. On the ball being carried out our men rushed it into Amherst's territory, where it stayed for some time. Duane made some good punts and Dearborn did some good rushing. A long punt by Amherst was poorly returned, and Amherst downed the ball at our fifteen-yard line. Amherst then forced the ball to our line, and a third touch-down resulted, from which Alvord kicked a goal. After the kick-off Amherst forced the ball, by a series of short rushes, near our goal, and Phillips tried for a goal from the field, but failed. Time was then called. Score: Amherst, 18; Tech, 0.

The game was hotly contested on both sides, and Amherst played in such a manner as to indicate that they have learned the game well since last year. Dearborn, Goodhue, and Tracy did good work for our team, while Phillips, Harrison, and Houghton did the best work for Amherst. Referee, Mr. Watson, of the Amherst Agricultural College.

Dartmouth vs. Technology.

THIS game was played in the rain, October 29th, on our grounds. In order to save the men for the Tufts game, several of the team only played one half, substitutes taking their places. If the regular team had played we doubtless would have done better.

Dartmouth kicked off. Kimball made a good rush with the ball. Soon after the Dartmouth half-back muffed the ball, and Ladd picked it up and made a touchdown. Duane kicked a goal. The ball was then forced near our goal, and by a fumble and the slippery ground a Dartmouth rusher made a touchdown, from which a goal was kicked, tying the score. Dame brought the ball near their goal. The play was now on their goal-line, and a touchdown and safety were claimed by our side, but were not allowed.

In the second half, Herrick, Tracy, Kimball, Gross, Duane, and Draper were substituted by Ellis, Goodhue, Fish, Bartlett, Watts, and Hadley. A fine series of runs by Hadley and Watts brought the ball to their goal, but it was kicked over, and we lost it. Hadley next made a run

past everyone but their full-back. Taintor was disqualified because a Dartmouth rusher's head was cut open, though Taintor was in no way responsible. Herrick took his place. The ball was forced to our territory. Devens made a long punt, and got the ball again. The ball came to our goal-line. Ellis threw the ball upon the seats. Devens jumped the fence, ran up the seats pursued by a Dartmouth rusher, and kicked the ball out in the center. Goodhue next made a run half the length of the field. It was forced back, and Odlin tried a goal from the field; the ball hit one of their rushers, but the referee allowed it. Score 11 to 6. No more points were made. Our team again beaten by a referee. In this half Dartmouth tried to play roughly, and four of their men were disabled. See "Action and Re-action," Ganot. Our team played a fine game, as any one who witnessed the play will testify. Dartmouth had a good rush-line and quarter, and all their men were heavy.

Class and Society Organizations, — 1886-87.

'87.—President, Frank E. Shepard; Vice-Presidents, T. W. Sprague and H. C. Spaulding; Secretary, G. F. Curtiss; Treasurer, Geo. O. Draper.

'88.—President, A. T. Bradlee; Vice-President, L. A. Ferguson; Secretary, Geo. E. Claflin; Treasurer, Stejirau Fukuzawa; Sergeant-at-Arms, R. M. Clement.

'89.—President, J. P. B. Fiske; Vice-President, G. M. Basford; Secretary, G. C. Wales; Treasurer, F. L. Dame; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. B. Thurber.

'90.—President, W. H. Johnson; Vice-President, E. B. Stearns; Secretary and Treasurer, E. B. Poland; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. S. Hyde.

Athletic Club.—President, T. D. Brainerd, '87; Vice-President, W. C. Fish, '87; Secretary, G. C. Dempsey, '88; Treasurer, G. O. Draper, '87.

Foot-ball Association. — President, G. C. Dempsey, '88; Vice-President, Giles Taintor, '87; Secretary and Treasurer, Quintard Peters,

'87; Manager, W. L. Dearborn, '88; Executive Committee, E. W. Herrick, '88, H. D. Sears, '87, W. L. Dearborn, '88, N. Durfee, '89, and E. B. Stearns, '90.

Tennis Association. — President, T. W. Sprague, '87; Vice-President, Russell Robb, '88; Secretary, H. J. Horn, '88; Treasurer, N. Durfee, '89; Executive Committee, H. D. Sears, '87; W. E. Mott, '88; F. W. Hobbs, '89.

Cycle Club.—President, E. O. Goss, '87; Vice-President, M. Rollins, '89; Secretary and Treasurer, G. M. Basford, '89; Captain, E. S. Hutchins, '89; 1st Lieutenant, W. H. Merrill, '89; 2d Lieutenant, S. H. Mildram, '89.

Co-operative Society. — President, Giles Taintor, '87; Vice-President, L. A. Ferguson, '88; Secretary, J. P. B. Fiske, '89; Treasurer, Ellison Means, '88.

Glee Club.—President, Fred. Thompson, '87; Vice-President, T. W. Sprague, '87; Secretary, Lyman Farwell, '87; Treasurer and Business Manager, H. C. Moore, '88.

Banjo and Guitar Club. — President F. B. Meade, '89; Secretary, G. C. Kaufman, '89; Treasurer and Business Manager, Fred. Thompson, '87.

Orchestra.—(Not yet organized).

Chess Club.—President, J. T. Greeley, '88; Vice-President, Victor Windett, '88; Secretary, A. J. Conner, '88; Treasurer, E. O. Jordan, '88; Recorder, W. D. Livermore, '87.

Society of '87.—President, H. D. Sears; Vice-President, Fred. Thompson; Secretary, G. W. Patterson; Treasurer, W. L. Harris; Directors, G. F. Curtiss, J. A. Cameron, and Quintard Peters.

Society of '88.—President, G. C. Dempsey; Vice-President, G. U. G. Holman; Secretary, J. C. S. Baldwin; Treasurer, H. G. Gross; Entertainment Committee, A. S. Warren, A. T. Bradlee, and H. J. Horn.

Society of '89.—President, F. W. Hobbs; Vice-President, E. L. Brown; Secretary, J. P. Gilbert; Treasurer, S. G. Bates. Executive Committee: Messrs. French, Hutchins, and Rollins, and the President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, *ex-officio*.

Technics.

Scene: Recitation in mathematics. (Professor demonstrating formula): "Now, gentlemen, in which of these two formulæ shall I substitute this value of X — In this one, or this?"

Omnes: "This."

Professor: "And the thing is done." Finishes demonstration.

Scene: Laboratory. Freshman: "Where shall I find some of that — that stuff to make — what-you-may-call out of?"

Instructor: "What is the chemical name?"

Freshman (hesitatingly): "Po-pot-pot-potass."

Instructor: "What do you want potassium for?"

Freshman, confidently: "To make nitrogen with."

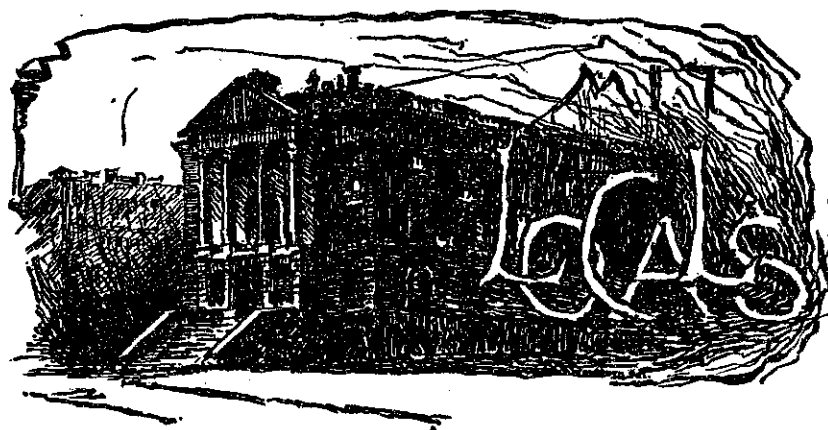
The instructor thinks he has discovered a new chemical law.

One of the Techs, after deep thought, says thus: "How hard those fellows will have to work who study history three hundred years hence!" — and has considerably determined not to do anything that will add to the historical material already accumulated.

Oxhide of beef has been going the rounds again until it ceases to be funny. We have tried in *vein* to *hash* up *claw-hide* of cat (Cl_2 Me W₅), but our limited endeavors have proved nugatory.

Each week I see her lovely face,
So full of sweet, unconscious grace,—
And yet, I've never met her.
Each time she wears a different bonnet,
The latest styles of trimmings on it,—
And each becomes her better.
In vain my gaze, with deep intent,
On those sweet eyes is loving bent,
In vain I smile and flatter:
It never moves the face I prize,
For it does naught but advertise
A famous New York hatter.

Can you imagine anything more conducive to enjoyment than passing one of these coolish afternoons in the company of a transit on the Back Bay? Possibly.



The C B₃ A Society dined at Young's on Oct. 23d.

Mr. Towne has been elected a TECH Director from '90.

The class lists have been posted, and eagerly scanned by the students.

Prof. Norton will furnish the lists of M. I. T. publications for THE TECH.

The season tickets for the foot-ball games are sold at the low price of one dollar.

THE TECH now sends a special reporter to championship foot-ball games.

There are about 75 active members in the Tennis Association.

'87 leads the classes of the Tech in the amount of her foot-ball subscriptions.

Messrs. Warren, '88, Robb, '88, and Sturges, '90, have been admitted to Alpha Tau Omega.

Mr. J. C. Hoadley, one of the original Trustees of the Institute, died in Roxbury, on Oct. 21st.

Only three Institute men accompanied the team to Amherst, and they were all '87 men.

'90 followed the example set by the Seniors, and formed a theater party for Adonis on Oct. 25th.

There are several good athletes in '90: this looks well for the success of the in-door games this winter.

The Freshman class executive committee consists of F. A. McDonald, W. L. Creden, and C. J. Morse.

Wadsworth, '89, has been obliged to give up playing foot-ball. His absence from the team is sorely felt.

Knee-breeches look too juvenile for a place of such high standing as the Institute. Don long trousers, '90.

'87's class-tree flourished through the summer, and is becoming one of the conspicuous objects about the Institute.

A game with Exeter has been arranged for November 6th, as Yale is unable to play here on that day, as arranged.

Mr. W. R. Ingalls, '86, Editor-in-chief of THE TECH last year, is manager of the Kokomo Concentration Mill, near Leadville, Col.

A great amount of interest in the tennis tournament was shown by the students, and large crowds witnessed the play daily.

There are several good shots in the Institute. A shooting-club might be organized, and matches arranged with the Harvard Gun Club.

The '88 architects have challenged any of the other courses for a game of foot-ball, or for any other game. Architects are never lacking in nerve.

The Banjo Club has organized, and intends to have instruction once a week from Fairbanks and Cole. The Club ought to be a great success.

Saturday, Oct. 30th, was set apart as the Institute day at the Mexican Village, and many students took advantage of the reduced rates of admission.

Prof. Richards, since his return from the meeting of the Institute of Mining Engineers, has had a severe attack of typhoid fever, and is confined at home.

The Freshmen held their third class-meeting Oct. 26th, and elected permanent officers. The names of the men elected are printed in the list of class organizations.

During the absence of Prof. Richards, Dr. Drown will give the fourth-year lectures on the metallurgy of iron, and Mr. H. O. Hofman will lecture to the same class on desilveration.

The demand for technological schools is spreading. The State of Georgia has decided to locate its school of Technology, with building and equipments costing \$100,000, at Atlanta.

Mr. Frank W. Hoadley, '88, whose bright work on THE TECH in 1884-85 was enjoyed so highly, is in the city for a short visit. His presence gives great pleasure to his class and society mates.

The members of the class in the history of the U. S. Tariff, under Prof. Dewey, are making original investigations into the history and development of the cotton, wool and iron industries in the United States.

The class of '89 finally succeeded in getting together a sufficient number for the transaction of business, and met Saturday Oct. 16th, in Room 15, for the election of officers. The list of officers elected will be found in another column.

At a meeting of the Society of '89, held Oct. 25th, changes were made in the constitution so that hereafter any member of the class may become a member of the society without the formality of an election. The first regular meeting will be held early in the month.

It was just after one of the third-year examinations in Roads. A first-year Mechanic Arter, on being shown a set of the questions, after looking them over carefully, remarked: "I have studied some Latin, but not much." This is a horse on some one, surely.

The Class of '89 at its meeting Wednesday, October 27th, voted to form an eleven, and challenge '90 to play a match game of foot-ball. F. L. Dame was elected Captain, and with Messrs. French and Durfee will select the eleven. A committee was also chosen to select class colors.

The Bicycle Club had a very enjoyable run on Saturday, October 23d, to Wellesley, riding through the grounds and stopping at the college. A unique bulletin was posted, which read as follows: "All come! Girls! Girls!! Girls!!!" As a result the club turned out in full force, and

had one of the best runs of the season, under the charge of Lieut. Merrill, '89.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Harris, '87, the Biologicals, under the care of Prof. Sedgwick, made a trip to the home of the former, near Wilmington, on the 22d ult. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent netting tadpoles, newts, etc., in the various ponds in the vicinity, and driving about the country. Viewed both socially and biologically, the trip was eminently successful.

On Saturday, October 30th, the class of '87 held a meeting to discuss the subject of class photographs. It was decided that the president should choose a committee, who should confer with, and receive bids from, the different photographers, and then report to the class. The committee is as follows: M. C. Cobb, T. D. Brainerd, George F. Curtiss, Walter C. Brace, and the president. The class then elected W. C. Fish and G. O. Draper gymnasium committee.

The annual meeting of the Glee Club, held Oct. 26th, was well attended, and the members succeeded in organizing for the year. The officers elected were as follows: President, Fred. Thompson, '87; Vice-President, T. W. Sprague, '87; Secretary, Lyman Farwell, '87; Treasurer and Business Manager, H. C. Moore, '88. The Executive Committee consists of the above officers and E. P. Marsh, '89. A committee was appointed to arrange, if possible, with Prof. Albert Pegon to lead the club.

A meeting was held on Oct. 26th for the purpose of forming a banjo club. An organization was perfected, and the title chosen was the "Technology Banjo and Guitar Club." The officers elected were as follows: President, F. B. Meade, '89; Secretary, G. C. Kaufman, '89; Business Manager and Treasurer, Fred. Thompson, '87. These officers, with H. J. Horn, '88, and E. V. Shepard, '89, constitute the Executive Committee. About twenty-five names were handed in, and from these the players will be chosen. A committee was appointed for the purpose of securing a professional leader.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

HARVARD.—The Base-ball Association has a surplus of \$2,500 from last season.—"Life at Harvard," is the title of an article in *Frank Leslie's last Weekly*.—Snow has won first place in singles, and Taylor and Snow first place in doubles, in the Harvard tournament. They will now play the Sears brothers for the championship of the college.—Harvard has a photograph society.—Dean, '88, the champion bicycle-rider, has decided never to take part in a race again.—Voluntary prayers has had the effect of increasing the attendance at chapel.—A French Literary and Debating Society has recently been formed.—The freshmen held their fall games October 27th, and the University games took place October 30th.—The Hare and Hounds had a run October 24th.—"O. B. Roberts, '86, is studying practical engineering at the Institute of Technology." (*Crimson*).—Over 600 undergraduates have signed for the procession.

YALE.—A successful attempt to break the inter-collegiate two-mile record was made at New Haven, October 23d, by W. Harmer, '90. He finished in 10 minutes 40 4-5 seconds, beating the record made in 1876 by Stimson, of Dartmouth.—The Yale eleven defeated Williams, October 23d, to the tune of 76 to 0.—Foot-ball is not meeting with the desired pecuniary aid.—The college orchestra is having great success.—The eleven had little trouble in securing 54 points to 0 against the Stevens Institute, October 22d. The rush-line did excellent work.—There are 27 men trying for positions on the freshman eleven.—The University crew is in training, Captain Cowles, '86, coaching them.—The dedication of Dwight Hall, the new Y. M. C. A. building, took place October 14th.

PRINCETON.—The freshmen have challenged the Yale freshmen to play a foot-ball game.—In the annual cane spree at Princeton between the sophomores and freshmen, the freshmen were signally successful. The freshmen won.

the cane in the feather-weight and light wrestling, while in the heavy-weight wrestling, lasting an hour and thirty-six minutes, as neither contestant was able to get possession of the cane, it was divided by mutual consent.—The lacrosse team played the Druids, of Baltimore, October 30th.

TRINITY is in the best of spirits over the recent tennis tournament, and well she may be.—Ground has been broken for the new gymnasium.—Thirty-seven colleges claim the champion bicycle-rider of the United States.—The Troy Polytechnic Institute boasts a new gymnasium.—Brinley, '87, the winner of the singles in the inter-collegiate tennis tournament, received a beautifully decorated bowl, made out of an elephant's tusk, and trimmed with solid silver.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE has been obliged to turn away 150 applicants for admission to the freshman class, which now numbers 165.

IN GENERAL.—Saturday, October 23d, at football, Harvard 'Varsity defeated Andover, 86 to 0, at Andover.—Lafayette defeated Stevens Institute by a score of 6 to 5.—Princeton defeated the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, by a score of 55 to 9.—Johns Hopkins University was eleven years old October 1st. The new physical laboratory will cost \$100,000.—There are nine foot-ball elevens in New York City and suburbs.—Williams has granted leave of absence to Professor Fernaldy, who will spend the winter studying in Greece.—Dickensen College is in a wild state of excitement because a colored student has been refused admittance.—Dartmouth offers a gold medal to the class winning the base-ball championship in the coming contest.—Prof. Richardson has in press a textbook on American literature. (Chestnuts.)—Smith College has 326 students, or 21 more than last year.—Williams' freshman class is so large that it has been necessary to construct new recitation-rooms.—The inter-collegiate foot-ball contest with Canada will take place in Newark, on Thanksgiving Day.—Amherst defeated Trinity by a score of 20 to 4.—Exeter played Tufts October 16th: score 18 to 8 in favor of the former.



RECEIVED FROM THE ANCHORIA.

England boasts of her bulldogs and beagle,
Her raven, and starling, and seagull;
But when it comes to the scratch,
Her *Henn* is no match
For your loud-screaming, much-despised *Eagle*.

—*Baron Ten-ys-n.*

The town of Dedham is under prohibition law, apothecaries alone being permitted to sell alcoholic stimulants. The other day a son of the Emerald Isle entered a drug store there, and taking a bottle from his pocket asked for a quart of whiskey. The salesman asked to what use it was to be put, and the reply was, "To soak roots in it." The order was filled, and the clerk, after handing over the bottle and its contents, inquired in a conversational manner, "What kind of roots are you going to soak?" Pocketing the bottle, the customer said, "The roots of my tongue, be jabbers."—*Argonaut Storyette.*

A Contemporary says that a brisk business is done by tailors in letting out dress-suits. The tendency to corpulence among diners-out must be on the increase.

THE KISS.

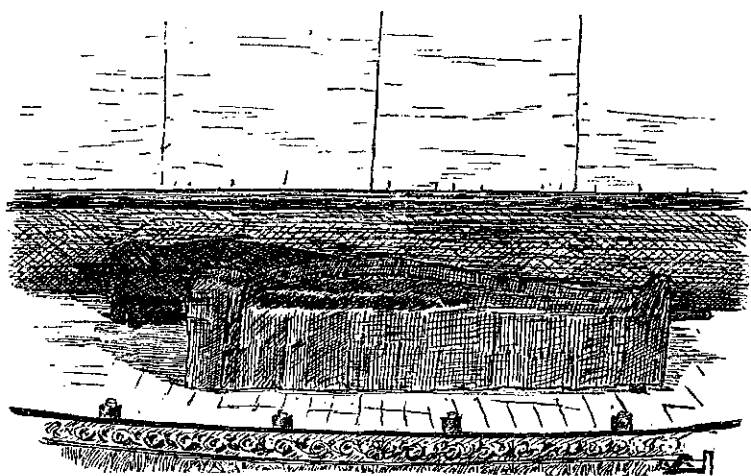
The fault was mine! Excuse is vain!
Nor thought I pardon to obtain.

Prompted by love or fate — who knows?
I asked her for a blushing rose;
"Tis thine," she sighed, in lightsome vein.

In kindness she did not disdain
To pin it on my coat. Insane,
I bent and kissed her on the lip —
The fault was mine!

The crimson flushed her cheek amain.
What could I do? Oft and again
I begged forgiveness for the slip
Of kissing her upon the lip.

She whispered, "Nay, 'tis very plain
The fault was mine!" —*Advocate.*



I.

The tragedy is done, at last;
The vengeance piling up for years
At length the villains has o'ertaken,—
They occupy two biers.

DRAMA AND LIFE.

II.

The Old Elm's doors are open wide,
And clinking glasses oft one hears;
Again we see those villains bold,—
They occupy two beers.

AN ITEMIZED BILL.

A painter had been employed to repair a number of pictures in a convent. He did it, and presented a bill in full for fifty-nine francs and eleven centimes to the curate, who refused to pay it, saying the committee would require a complete detail. The painter produced it as follows:—

	Frs.	Cts
Corrected and renewed the Ten Commandments	5	12
Embellished Pontius Pilate, and put a ribbon in his bonnet.	3	06
Re-plumed and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel	4	18
Washed the servant of the high-priest and put carmine on his cheeks	5	12
Renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars, gilded the sun and cleaned the moon	7	14
Reanimated the flames of Purgatory, and restored some souls	3	06
Revived the flames of Hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the damned	4	10
Re-bordered the robe of Herod and re-adjusted his wig	4	04
Put new spatter-dashes on the son of Tobias and dressing on his sack	2	00
Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass and shod him	3	07
Put ear-rings in the ears of Sarah	2	04
Put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath, and extended his legs	3	02
Decorated Noah's Ark	3	00
Mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaned his ears	4	00
Total,	59	11

ILLUSION.

Upon the street, the other day,
I spied a well-known dress;
My fresh cigar I threw away,
And elbowed through the press.

It is, it is her lovely form,
Her step so airy-light!
Press onward, though the day be warm,
And overtake the sprite!

That jaunty hat I know full well,
That parasol of brown:
Oh, who can wonder she's the belle
Of all the gaping town!

I pushed and struggled through the crowd,
With lover's fear afraid:
I raised my tile and lowly bowed—
Unto her snub-nosed maid!

"I passed some 'queer,' and here I am in prison, all on counterfeit," he sighed.

HIS NOMINATION.

Mr. Wienerschnitzel: "Shentlemen, I rise to nominate Adolph Gutenschweitzer for alderman.

Chairman: "Who is the gentleman? We don't know him."

Mr. W.: "He don't vas in America yet, but he comes over here next month already."—*Chicago Rambler*.

Bright Student: "What animal is never dead broke?" *Classmate*: "Give it up." *Bright Student*: "The bull-frog, because he always has a greenback."—*Ex.*

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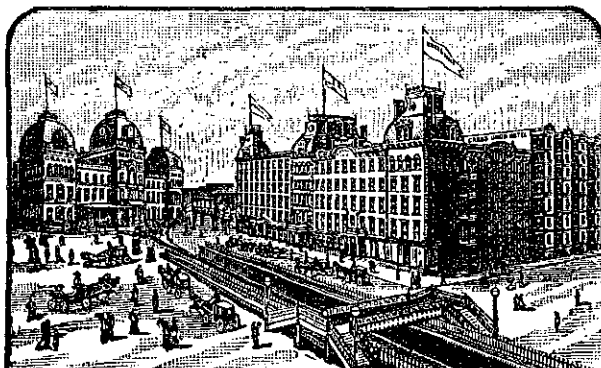
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Is rather a queer thing to do;
But it's one of the curious things, tra la,
A beneficent Providence brings, tra la,
To the chaps taking course number two.
So you'll pardon my mirth if I gleefully sing,
While I figure the d and the V of a spring,
Tra la la la, etc. (*ad lib.*)

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nance is again seen about the Institute, and numer-
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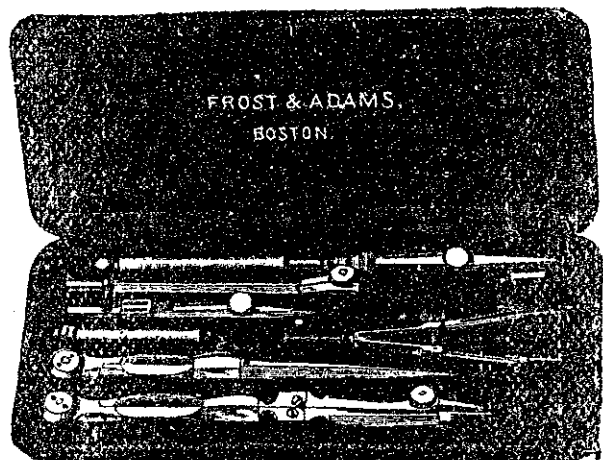
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